

*The Chronicle History*  
Before you haue them.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lords, the English lie within a hundred  
Paces of your Tent.

*Con.* VVho hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord *Granpeere*.

*Con.* A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.  
Come, come away,  
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.*

*Pist.* Ke ve la?

*King.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?  
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

*King.* No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

*Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

*King.* Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

*King.* O then thou art better then the King.

*Pist.* The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,  
A lad of life, an impe of fame,  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:  
I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings  
I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

*King.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* Le Roy, a Cornish man;  
Art thou of Cornish crew?

*King.* No sir, I am a *Welchman*.

*Pist.* A *Welchman*; knowst thou *Flewellen*?

*King.* I sir, he is my kinsman.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* I sir.

*Pist.* Figa for thee then; my name is *Pistoll*.

*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

*Pist.*

*of Henry the fist.*

*Pist.* *Pistoll* is my name.

*Exit Pistoll.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gower.* Capitaine *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* In the name of Iesu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the ancient  
Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the *Romanes*,  
You shall finde no rittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,  
But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,  
And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

*Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy be an asse & a foole,  
And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also  
Afoole, and a prating cocks-combe,  
In your conscience now?

*Gower.* Ile speake lower.

*Flew.* I beseech you do, good Capitaine *Gower*.

*Exit Gower and Flewellen.*

*King.* Though it appeare a little out of fashion,  
Yet there's much care in this.

*Enter three Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I, we see the beginning,  
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well, I thinke the King could wish himsele  
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,  
And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

*King.* Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to haue,  
Ere this day to an end.

*King.* Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

*King.* Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,  
The Violet smells to him as vnto vs;  
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Soul.*